

## New Advertisements.

TIME TESTS THE MERITS OF ALL THINGS.

1840—TO—1873.

FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS

Perry Davis'

PAIN-KILLER

Has been tested in every variety of climate, and by

the most eminent physicians and chemists. It is the

most certain and most powerful remedy for all

kinds of pain, and is the only permanent

Pain Reliever.

It is the only Permanent

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## Poetry.

## THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

'Twas night, the moon had risen and looked se-

renely down  
O'er mountain, stream and river; o'er hamlet, vale  
and town;The earth reposed in slumber, and all seemed calm  
and still;Save the rattling of the little brook that wound  
around the hill.Alone I stood and listened to nature's calm  
repose;Thinking of earth's delusions, its sorrows, joys  
and woes;

I thought of a cottage far away, close by a moun-

tain side,  
Of a loved wife and little ones, and my shame I  
could not hide.

I thought, too, of a "demon" who'd seem'd that hap-

py home,  
And jealous of his happiness, had shrouded it in  
gloom.As memories rushed upon me, I wept such bitter  
tears,As had been strangers to my eyes for many, many  
years.I heard a rushing in the air, and quickly raised my  
eyes.And lo! a pure white angel descending from the  
skies.'Twas the fairest of all objects I'd ever seen in the  
land.Yet, I gazed not on the angel, but what glittered in  
her hand;

'Twas a picture. As I saw it, so natural it seem-

ed.

That I thought it was but a record of the past that  
intervened.Between my boyhood's early years and manhood's  
fulled prime;And I thought, alas! it shows me but the common  
way of time.I saw myself a child again, upon my father's  
knee;And I thought of hopes he'd cherished, and their  
sad reality.I poured out those scenes of early life as though it  
were a book;When again the angel turned, and gently whispered  
me to look.And 'twas a mountain scene—a cottage set among the  
trees.

The early leaves looked silver white in the gen-

tle southern breeze;

Close by were children playing—to see them painted  
my heart.And, trembling, I uttered low, "Familiar scenes,  
dear!"Like magic were my words; it vanished from my  
sight.And another picture met my gaze, shrouded in  
gloom;A grave yard! And I saw within a myrtle-covered  
mausoleum;

And 'twas in a deep, wild forest, far away from hu-

man sound,

As I saw the marble tablet I trembled for my  
life.For engraved upon it was "The drunkard's broken  
heart."Long, long, I gazed upon it, then spoke with a  
mighty start;"I made my wife unhappy, but I never broke her  
heart.""Hush!" said my angel visitant, "list to me  
aright.Seek not to justify yourself; your deeds are dark  
and long."Two graves were in the churchyard made, not so  
soon had been.Had not a son ungrateful, fed seduced by  
gold;But God is just and merciful; if asked He will  
forgive.And if thou art repentant, He still will let thee  
go.Go to your mountain home again, remain through  
winter and woe;Leave not your sorrow mark your youthful  
loves like mine;Remember, I'll watch over you through weary years  
to come.I'll be your "guardian angel," and I'll come to take  
you home."

The angel had departed—but the picture yet re-

mained;

Impulsively I turned to see the scene it now con-

tained;

'Twas my meeting with the angel—natural did it  
seem—And lo! in golden letters, was written, "The  
Drunkard's Dream."

mured words that nobody could un-

derstand.

"Flowers, eh?" said Frank, super-

ciliously, "upon my word, Jack is

getting prodigal!"

Valentin looked carelessly down

at the cluster, of pink buds, then

deliberately took them up and tossed

them into the lawn.

"Explain, if you please," said

Frank; composedly, while Mordant

grew scarlet and bit his lips until

the blood started.

"There was a worm—a horrid

green worm on one of the buds,"

haughtily said Valentin, shaking off

one or two crimson petals that still

adhered to her muslin dress, "I have

a perfect horror of all such noxious

insects."

"Do you hear that Jack?" appeal-

ed Aldrich lazily turning around in

his chair. "It's a pity you were so

unfortunate in your selection of your

furnal offering."

But Colonel Mordant had left the

room. Kate followed him the next

minute.

"Dearest Jack and you vexed

with Frank and Valentin? They

don't mean to annoy you, I'm sure."

"Not vexed, dear," said Mordant,

speaking slowly and—only grieved.

I am sorry Miss Bruce finds me so

disagreeable."

He went up stairs while Kate

hesitated a moment below.

"He is better by himself," she

said mentally.

"Poor fellow! he is dreadfully in

love; I do wish Valentin wouldn't

tease him so."

And she went down in the ter-

race garden to gather honeysuckles

for the parlor vases, and mused on

her brother's manifold grievances.

"It's too bad, so it is?" she mur-

mured; winking back the bright

drops that would suffuse her hazel

brown orbs. "I shall talk seriously

to Valentin about it this very eve-

ning."

Meanwhile, Col. Mordant stalked

sulkily up stairs into his sister's

pretty little sitting room, where the

muslin curtains were fluttering to

and fro in delicious night winds and

the sofa was drawn into the little

recess beside a table all littered

with books and magazines, needle

cases and thimbles and the indescri-

bable debris which two girls invari-

ably collect around themselves in the

course of a June afternoon.

He threw himself recklessly down

on the sofa, drew the soft folds of

Kate's cashmere shawl over him, as if

jealous lest the soft eyes of the

watching stars, that were just be-

ginning to gen the heavens, should

witness the struggle that convulsed

this strong man's heart.

Not that his grief wrought itself

into any external signs. No, there

was neither groan or motion more

than there had been when he was

wounded at Spotsylvania, and rode

out at the head of his regiment as

bravely as though the red blood had

not been dripping from his arm with

slow and deadly drain. One might

have almost fancied him asleep as